

on surviving son, the Boy of Greymore, who, in
leaping to the Chief, a common enough feat, was drawn
back by the dog he held in leash, fell into the Whiff,
was 'strangled by a merciless force'; 'severed
no more until "he rose, a lifeless corpse." "What
is good for a brotherless leave?" asked the dimwitted
Forester who brought the news to the boy's mother.

"Thought but endless sorrow," said she, divining
the truth. Then the monks of Ambesay counselled
the erection of a fair Abbey in Bolton Wood,
to be endowed with the boy's land, where the
monks should put up daily masses for him
his. So runs the legend, which Wordsworth
beautifully handled has made famous. but
against it, stands the fact, that this Boy of
Greymore, himself, signed the deeds surrendering
the transfer of the land of Bolton to the monks
of Ambesay. Dr. Whitaker, unwilling, as ever,
to sacrifice a graceful tradition, suggests that
the facts are probably true in the main, but
refers to one of the two sons of Cecilia de Romille
the first foundress, both of whom died young.
The 'Chief,' the scene of Wordsworth's poem, is a
romantic gorge about half a mile above the Abbey.
The further history of the Abbey is markedly
little but the repeated ravages of the sects, who
harassed this in common with all the
northern houses. It was condemned, with
the Greater Houses in 1540; since then, the
lands have fallen into the hands of more than
one noble owner. At present nearly the whole of
Upper Wharfedale is in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire.
Up the valley, we follow the river into great depths, after

210 p 200 134
In a brow in the heart of the woods, is a ruined tower.
This is Barden Tower, where the gentle Shepherd Lord of
Shepton dwelt by choice, though it was a poor
place compared with the great castles he owned
elsewhere. His father was John, Lord Clifford, the
ninth Lord of the Honors of Shepton, the 'black-faced
baron' who earned the title of 'Butcher' in the
battle of Wakefield. Three months later, on the
eve of Towton, he fell, leaving a widow & three
children, whose only hope lay in flight & concealment.
The family estates were confiscated, but Lady
Clifford saved her two sons; the second, she
sent to the Netherlands, but the eldest she
carried with her to her father's estate of Gorkshire
in Yorkshire, where she placed him under the care
of a shepherd who had married a maid out of her
nurseries. Here he remained until he was
fourteen, when rumours reached the court
that a son of the Black-faced Clifford was in hiding
upon the Gorkshire moors. Thereupon, his mother
had her boy brought to the village of Shrubkelt in
Cumberland, she having married Sir Lancelot
Shrubkelt, and, although he was a Yorkist —

"Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford, from annoy
Conceal'd the persecuted boy."

At last, after four & twenty years of peasant life
& change came to the Shepherd Lord, the battle of
Bosworth restored the House of Lancaster, & many
of its partisans were reinstated. Amongst these
the Shepherd Lord emerged from his retreat
amongst the Cumbrian hills. Whereupon, at the
age of thirty, on the tenth Lord of the Honors of Shepton
his mother lived to see his joyful restoration, & so

Top 354 17

We are getting now into the heart of the picturesque mountain region of western Yorkshire, where Wharfedale, Ingleborough & Pennine hold their own amongst the mountains of England. The steep fell with cherts in dentate on the south is the northern shoulder of Wharfedale. Two other lovely dales entirely enclose & isolate its vast masses. Greta dale on the east, Wharfedale on the west, both & the other peaks of the Pennines. Beautiful as the dales of this district are, its beauty is of a kind not seen in detail, but the prospect as we drive, the great mountain masses are not beautiful: it is impossible to draw so near to the gigantic masses of the 'Backbone' for mountain effects: seen en masse, the mountains rise before you barren uniform, without a tree to break the monotony. Though Wharfedale is the highest of this western group (2414 ft.), it yields to the other two points in point of picturesque grandeur. Clapham, a charming village at the foot of Ingleborough, is a good point from which to ascend the mountain, though not a good point from which to see it. Near Ingleborough rises before you a compact conical mass: its outline is very clearly marked, a cone with a flat-top of millstone grit, resting upon a broad table of limestone rocks. Though really lower, it looks higher than Wharfedale. (Ingleborough 2361 ft.). The limestone platform on which Ingleborough rests is everywhere penetrated by caverns, sometimes, superficial openings, as the 'various' 'Rots' & 'Holes' of Greta dale; & sometimes, penetrating into the very heart of the mountain. The most interesting of these is Clapham, or Ingleborough cave, which extends nearly half a mile into the recesses of the mountain. Kerton in Ribblesdale, on the eastern side of Ingleborough, is perhaps the ^{best} station from which to get the mountain aspect of this principal group of fells. You are at the foot of Pennine, & which reaches the valley by two or three huge masses, the summit rising before you sharp & solitary, patches of heather flow in the

210 p. 2004 15

landings, light ragged clints hang about the summit, then in chadron depths deep lights; altogether, it is picturesque mountainous in aspect, more so than most of the fellsows. Here you get to your left the magnificent sweeping curves of Wharfedale, something like a scale east in outline. Behind is Ingleborough, always discernible by the tatel planted on its broad shoulders. Higher up the valley, at Ribbleshead you may see the sun make a sudden dip behind Wharfedale which fills the useless horizon - a long huge mass bumping you to the world's end.

Settle, lower down in the Ribbles valley, vacated in a green fertile basin hemmed in by limestone scars, is a good point from which to study the scenery of the limestone.

Further north, ~~about~~ to the east of the long dips of Ribblesdale, we have a fine group of fells about the sources of the upper course of the Wharfe - Dod Fell, Cam Fell, Weather Fell, Buckden Pike, &c. &c. lower down on Wharfedale, Simon's Seat & Barden Fell.

Another great group of fells including Great Wharfedale, (2,263 ft.), & Little Wharfedale.

These are the most important of the fells & groups of fells in the mountainous north-western division.

The north-western district, on the other side of the broad Ribbles basin, is a moorland region, but hardly mountainous, there being no heights above 2,000 ft. Here we pass into the millstone grit country, & lose the peculiar features of the limestone - caves, 'potholes', scars, underground streams. Of the highlands, Rumbold's Moor, between Aire & Wharfedale, with the low clay rocks above Benthydding & Baildon Moor, Otley Chevin, a remarkable isolated hill with a fine view of the Wharfe Valley - Bonlaworth Hill, further north, & Blackstone Edge - a dreary boundary fell between Yorkshire & Lancashire - are some of the more remarkable.

The Eastern Moorlands have much in common with the Western. Danby Beacon, (1,966 ft.), & Easton Nab, (1,850 ft.) are the most conspicuous heights north of the E. & S. of the E. & S. the elevation is greater, many of the hills exceeding 1,000 ft.

within his ancient castles.

Still within the 14th century ⁽¹³⁹²⁾ this castle was the scene of a tragedy, the king (Richard II.) this time suffering at the hands of his subjects. Parliament had decreed that the king should be imprisoned for life in some lonely castle - unguarded by any armed troops, " & from of his Yorkshire castles - Leeds, Pickering, Thirsk, & Pontefract - became in turn the prison of the deposed king. He had not been many weeks in Pontefract castle when the news of his death was made public. - There is no doubt at all that he died by foul means, but how, is not certainly known. According to Shakespeare, he was murdered, struggling manfully with the assassins until he was overpowered. Another story is, that he was starved, dying after fifteen days of lingering torture; & a third declares that he did indeed die of starvation, but of his own will - food being daily supplied to him - unable to support the costs of his condition.

The history of 'Pontefract' is the history of England with so many leading events in this great story. Hold of the North associated. we pass on to one which belongs peculiarly to the history of Yorkshire. In another County are more so many picturesque ruins of roofless abbeys as in Yorkshire, & nowhere did the orders for the dissolution of not less than ^(1536 & threatened) the greatest houses, cause such universal consternation. There were there, or eighty monasteries, great & small, in the county; the effect of the Dissolution was not only to turn the monasteries adrift as homeless wanderers, but to throw their labourers, an enormous

210 p 60 104

enormous numbers. out of work, independent
the poor of those means of aid which modern
institutions - the hospital, the workhouse, &
charity supply, but for all of which, the
peasants of ante-Reformation days looked to
the neighbouring monastery. The whole country
was thrown into confusion; harrying was hampered
from village to village, threatening numbers
made themselves heard. The peasants of Lincolnshire
were the first to rise, but it was in Yorkshire
that an insurrection began which ~~was~~ threatened
even the North. Other causes of discontent were
at work: the people resented the curtailing of their
holidays; the nobles, the fact that advisers of
the reformed faith were chosen to the detriment
of the old nobility; but, for whatever reason, nobles
& people were minded to make common cause
against the king. Men began to arm, they were
ripe for anything; but, meantime, they wanted

a leader.
It happened that Robert Aske, the second son of
a Yorkshire squire of that name, having occasion
to pass through Lincolnshire, was seized by
the rebels then & compelled by them to take an oath
of fellowship in their movement. He returned to
Yorkshire, still uncertain as to his own wishes
with regard to this movement; but - then, to his
surprise, he found all men afoot, & all
waiting for him. A letter had been sent through
the county in his name calling upon the people
to defend the Church. There was nothing for it
but he must lead the rebels, who met promptly
in great force in the common of Market Weighton.
Nobles & peasants alike flocked in every
town

moorland the North York Moors - a chalk ridge called the Yorkshire Wolds, which runs north from the Humber. Between the Wolds & the North York Moors is the lovely Vale of Pickering. Solterness, low & level, lies between the Wolds & the sea, which is carrying it ^{here} away ^{the land} year by year.

Yorkshire is divided into three Ridings or Thirdings, as perhaps the word means. In the North & East Ridings corn is grown & cattle are reared. But the West Riding, the beautiful mountain country, is one of the busiest manufacturing districts in England. A great coal field reaches up as far from Nottingham as far as Leeds & Bradford. & scattered about the coal district are the tall chimneys of many factories. In this corner of Yorkshire is the seat of the oldest & most ~~renowned~~ famous of British manufactures - those of Wollens & Warricks.

century work which would seem to have included
a general renovation. The final effort was the
sixteenth century perpendicular tower which
is rather a disight to the west-front. The nave,
having been reserved at the Dissolution for
the use of the 'Saxons' is still the parish
church. Grasses & creeping plants were in
the windows & clinging to the walls of the beautiful
Choir, which is entirely a ruin. Bolton is
poor in monuments: opening out of the
nave is a chancel, where,

"Face to face, hand by hand

The Claphams & Mauleverers stand;"

at least, tradition has it - that the last of these
two northern houses elected to be buried standing.
There are no remains of the Claphams, with
the portions of whose house those of the Abbey were
a good deal involved. The whole of the
cloister quadrangle, with refectory, dormitory
chapter house, &c., has been destroyed. The
baldemented gateway of the ancient Abbey
has been expanded into the present dwelling
house a shooting box, used by the Dukes of
Devonshire, during two or three weeks of the
season.

The interest of the graveyard, which is the village
burying ground, centres in the charming legend
of the White Doe of Rylstone: the story runs that
shortly after the Dissolution, a white doe was
wont, every Sunday, to appear in the Abbey
Churchyard amongst the worshippers; then she
would remain during the service, & when the
congregation dispersed, would depart - with the rest
betaking herself to Arncliffe, in the valley of the Wharfe.
often

280 p 10 c 234

flows near the course of the Wharfe. "This incident awakens the fancy," says St. Whilaker: "the Rev. John Carr, a Cald Rector ~~of~~ of Bolton who devoted himself with to penning up, with singular taste & judgment, the beauties of the Woods felt that much might be made of it in the hands of a poet: he shewed the passage in Whilaker's History of Grass to Wordsworth, at the same time suggesting that the story might be worked in with the fortunes of the Rectors of ^{Bolton} ~~Rygleton~~ ^{Conyers} & of whose home was a ruin in the rebellious known as the 'Rising of the North': we have the result in 'The White Doe of Rygleton', the compassionate poem to the scenery of Bolton, as is the Lady of the Lake, to that of Loch Katrine. Wordsworth follows the fair talled of the Rising of the North, rather than historical fact, when he says,

"Drest, Bolton, & thine eight good sons
Down to die!" -

The story of the rebellions of 1569 is briefly as follows: The suggestion of a marriage between Mary Stuart & the Duke of Norfolk led to a general rising in the eastern counties in support of Norfolk & in the north, where the great lords were Catholics & anxious to restore the old religion. Nearly all the great Yorkshire families are concerned in the rising, ^{including} the Rectors of Bolton Conyers & old Richard Bolton was the more forward in his movement, became, more than thirty years before he had taken an active part in the rising known as the 'Religious of Grace'. The rebels meant to restore the old religion, secure the recognition of Mary as next heir to the throne, & bring about the overthrow, & possibly, the death of Cecil. Norfolk fell into the hands of the government but the northern lords, determined to act without ^{him} ~~him~~.